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STRONG MAN

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STRONG MAN



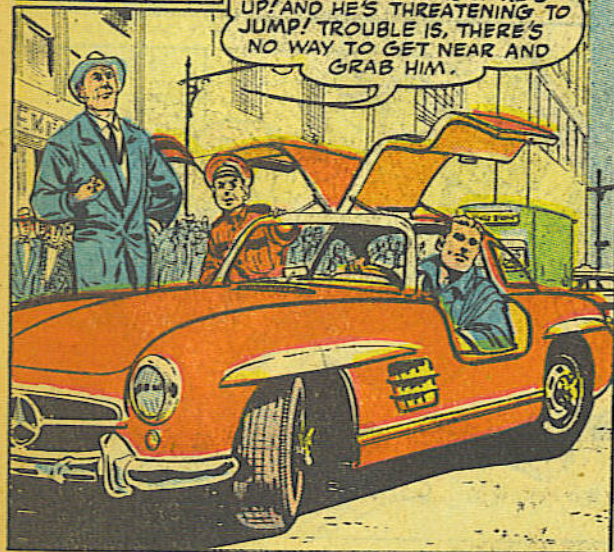
FROM THE LEGENDS OF THE PAST,
A TRICKY THIEF RESURRECTED
THE FAMED FIGURE OF OLD
ENGLAND'S ROBIN HOOD... UNTIL
STRONGMAN REMEMBERED THE MAGIC
OF THE GREAT WANDAMI AND FOLLOWED
ITS BASIC FORMULA TO BEAT THE

ROBBIN' HOOD!

Powell

IT IS TEN O'CLOCK
ONE SUNNY FRIDAY
MORNING...

"WHAT'S UP?," YOU ASK? HE'S
UP! AND HE'S THREATENING TO
JUMP! TROUBLE IS, THERE'S
NO WAY TO GET NEAR AND
GRAB HIM.



ON AN OFFICE BUILDING LEDGE, HIGH
ABOVE THE STREET...



...HE SAYS HE'LL
JUMP AS SOON AS
ANYBODY PUTS ONE
FOOT ON THAT LEDGE..
AND HE'S KEEPING
AN EYE ON THE
FLOORS ABOVE, SO
WE CAN'T GET AT
HIM FROM THERE.
ANY IDEAS,
STRONGMAN?

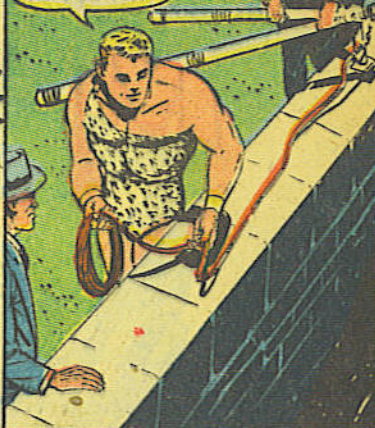
MY UNCLE, THE GREAT WANDAMI—WHO HAS A VERY SUCCESSFUL MAGIC SHOW—TELLS ME THAT THE MOST IMPORTANT GIMMICK IN HIS BAG OF TRICKS IS MISDIRECTION... YES, I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET THAT MAN OFF THE LEDGE... MISDIRECTION...?



"YES, INSPECTOR GRIMM. EVERY CARD-TRICKSTER AND ILLUSIONIST USES MISDIRECTION... ONE HAND MAKES A FLASH, DRAWING YOUR EYE TO IT—"



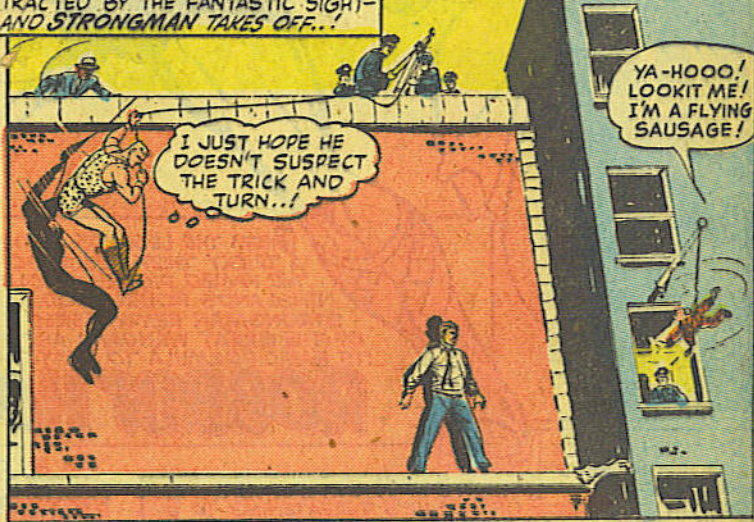
SHORTLY THEREAFTER... DON'T SWING THE BOOM OVER THE LEDGE TILL WE GET THE SIGNAL—WE DON'T WANT OUR FRIEND ON THE LEDGE TO SEE IT...



A LITTLE LATER THE GENERAL PROVIDES INTERESTING MISDIRECTION.



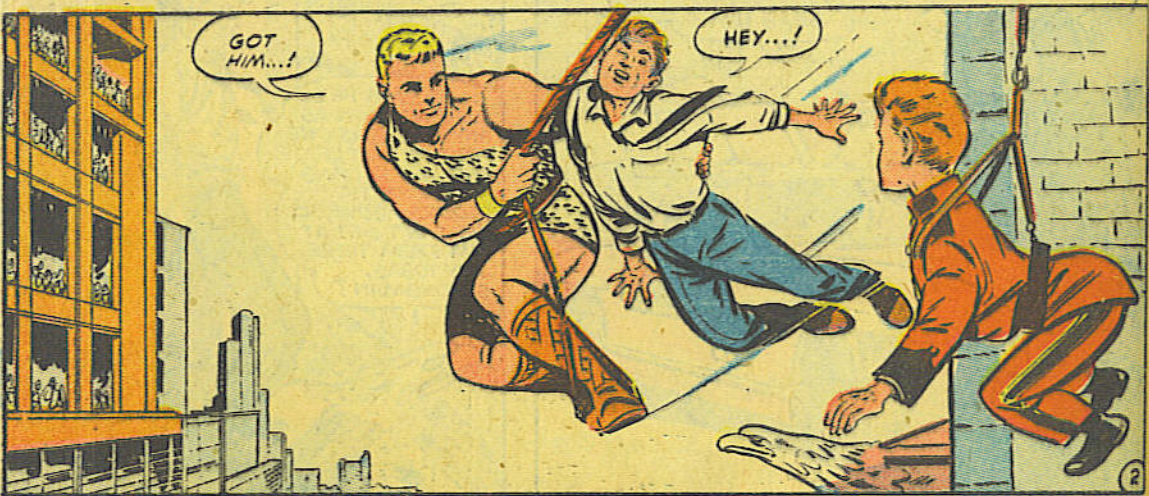
THE MAN ON THE LEDGE IS DISTRACTED BY THE FANTASTIC SIGHT—AND STRONGMAN TAKES OFF...



YA-HOOO! LOOKIT ME! I'M A FLYING SAUSAGE!

GOT HIM...!

HEY...!



THE MAN FROM THE LEDGE NOW SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE, STRONGMAN REJOINS INSPECTOR GRIMM WHO HAS JUST RECEIVED BAD NEWS...

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS! WHILE WE WERE BUSY WITH THAT GUY ON THE LEDGE, THE CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF ROBIN HOOD WAS STICKING UP A BANK DOWN THE BLOCK!

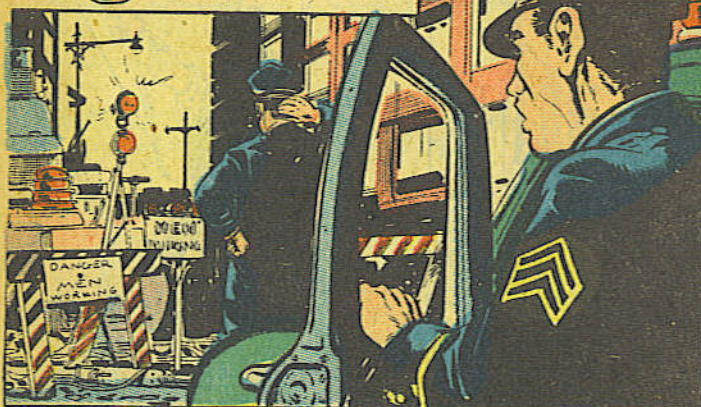


"YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT MISDIRECTION! WE REALLY HAD IT USED ON US TODAY- SEE THAT BLACKGUARD'S NOTATION-!"



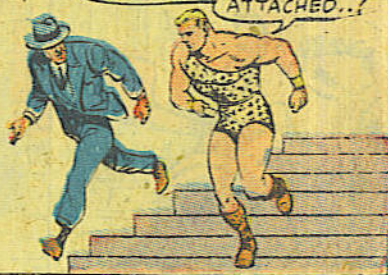
"HE'S DONE STUFF LIKE THIS BEFORE, IF YOU REMEMBER. ONE TIME HE MADE A GET-AWAY BY BLOCKING A STREET WITH A FAKE ROADWAY SET-UP-!"

WHERE'D THIS JUNK COME FROM?



ANOTHER TIME HE HIRED A BUNCH OF PEOPLE TO PICKET A LOAN COMPANY- WHILE HE AND HIS GANG BURGLARIED THE PLACE!

INSPECTOR THIS IS ONE CRIMINAL YOU OUGHT TO CATCH IN A HURRY- BECAUSE HE'S ALSO DANGEROUS AS A SYMBOL! PEOPLE "GO FOR" THESE "ROMANTIC" TYPE OUTLAWS- ESPECIALLY ONE LIKE THIS, WHO AFTER HE'S MADE A GOOD HAUL, SCATTERS MONEY AROUND IN POOR NEIGHBORHOODS, WITH HIS CARD ATTACHED..!



HE MIGHT FIGURE THAT WHEN AND IF HE'S CAUGHT HIS "GALLANTRY" AND HIS "GENEROSITY" MIGHT LEAD A JURY TO BE LENIENT WITH HIM...

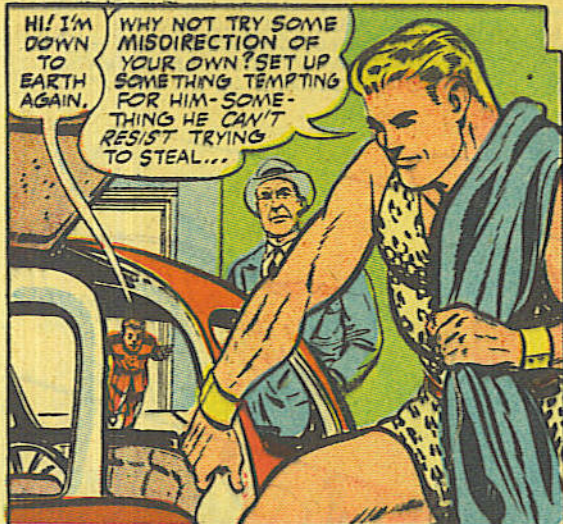


"SO YOU MUST CATCH HIM SOON, AND SHOW HIM UP FOR WHAT HE IS- NOT ROBIN HOOD, BUT ONLY A ROBBIN' HOOD... A CHEATING HOODLUM WHO TRIES TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK IT ISN'T WRONG TO STEAL...!"



I AGREE WITH YOU ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT, STRONGMAN! BUT JUST HOW DO I GO ABOUT CATCHING THIS SLIPPERY ARTICLE...?

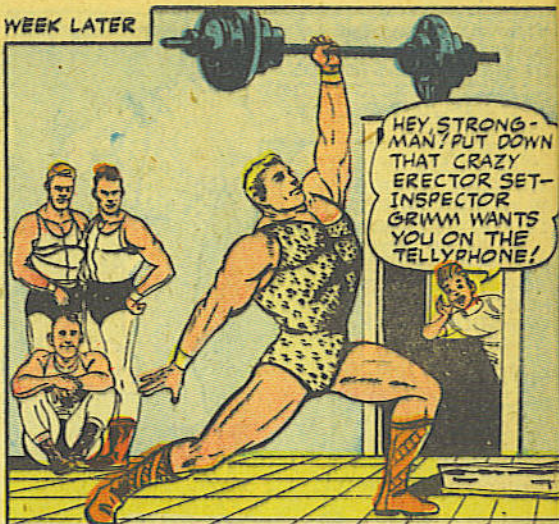




HI! I'M DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN.

WHY NOT TRY SOME MISDIRECTION OF YOUR OWN? SET UP SOMETHING TEMPTING FOR HIM—SOMETHING HE CAN'T RESIST TRYING TO STEAL...

A WEEK LATER



HEY, STRONG-MAN! PUT DOWN THAT CRAZY ERECTOR SET-INSPECTOR GRIMM WANTS YOU ON THE TELLYPHONE!

STRONGMAN? WANT TO COME TO A FANCY-DRESS BALL? WE'VE SET THAT TRAP FOR THE ROBBIN' HOOD, AND I THINK HE'LL BITE? FIGURED YOU'D LIKE TO BE AT THE FINISH—IF IT IS THE FINISH, THAT IS...!



NO, CAN'T TELL YOU EXACTLY HOW WE DID IT—WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO LET CIVILIANS KNOW ABOUT POLICE PROCEDURES... BUT WE USED A STOOL-PIGEON AND WE PLANTED A STORY WITH A NEWS-PAPER FELLER WHO'S ALWAYS WRITING ABOUT THIS CROOK WE'RE AFTER...



IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

WHAT HO, MY MERRY MEN! HOW DOST THOU LIKE ME GET-UP, PERCHANCE?



NOT SO MUCH BRAVURA, PLAY-ACTOR! WE HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO ACQUIRE ELIZABETH WINTHROP'S FAMOUS NECKLACE—BUT DON'T FORGET; IT'S A POLICE TRAP...!

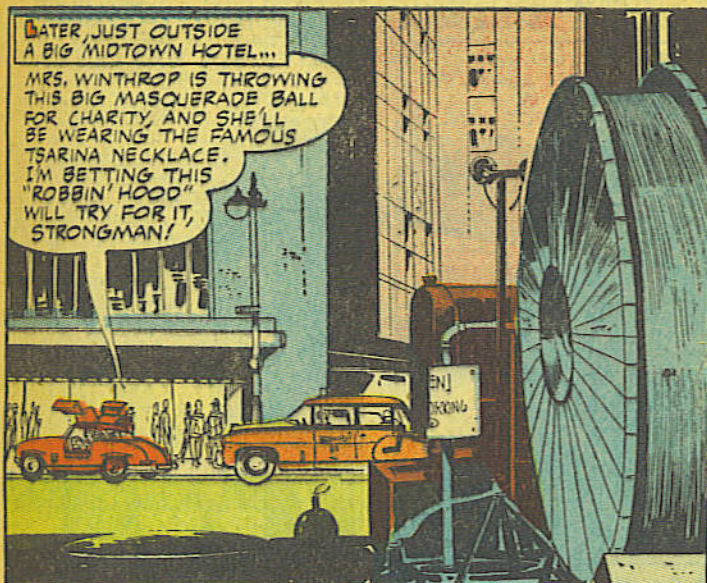


VERILY, MY FRIEND! BUT WE KNOW IT—AND THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE...!



LATER, JUST OUTSIDE
A BIG MIDTOWN HOTEL...

MRS. WINTHROP IS THROWING
THIS BIG MASQUERADE BALL
FOR CHARITY, AND SHE'LL
BE WEARING THE FAMOUS
TSARINA NECKLACE.
I'M BETTING THIS
"ROBBIN' HOOD"
WILL TRY FOR IT,
STRONGMAN!



STRONGMAN AND I
DIDN'T NEED TO HIRE
COSTUMES, BUT I SEE
YOU REALLY GOT YOUR
SELF A
NATURAL
INSPECTOR!

YEAH, I
FIGURED AS
A WESTERN
SHERIFF
I COULD
CARRY A GUN WITH-
OUT CAUSING
COMMENT.



"RICH MAN-POOR MAN-BEGGER
MAN"... I SEE A DOCTOR AND
AN INDIAN CHIEF HERE TOO,
BUT I DON'T SEE
ANY THIEF!

I SEE A
POSSIBILITY-
GANDER THAT
LAD IN THE
ROBIN HOOD
COSTUME!

WHY YES,
MISS, I
REALLY
AM
STRONGMAN.
HOW'D YOU
KNOW?



A LITTLE LATER..."ROBBIN' HOOD"
CREATES A SENSATION...

BEHOLD, I HAVE
STOLEN THE
WALLET OF THE
RICH MAN!



NOW I SHALL LEAVE AND
GIVE THIS WEALTH TO
THE POOR!



THEN MRS. WINTHROP
CRIES OUT—

MY NECKLACE!
IT'S BEEN
STOLEN...





THIS HOTEL'S PACKED WITH POLICE! HE'S CAUGHT THIS TIME...

BUT STRONGMAN DOES NOT FOLLOW INSPECTOR GRIMM.

I'LL BET IT'S THE MIS-DIRECTION TRICK AGAIN! SO, I'LL JUST MOVE IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION...



NO, STRONGMAN, NOBODY LEFT THIS BALLROOM- EXCEPT A BELLHOP. A BELLHOP! OF COURSE! THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MOVE AROUND A HOTEL WITHOUT ANYONE PAYING PARTICULAR NOTICE TO HIM!



MEANWHILE, GRIMM HAS EASILY CAUGHT THE MAN DRESSED AS ROBIN HOOD. BUT—

STAGE MONEY— JUST AS HE SAID IT WAS!

I'M SORRY, SIR! MAYBE IT WAS A BUM GAG AT THAT— BUT MY FRIEND AND I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY WHEN WE PLANNED IT...

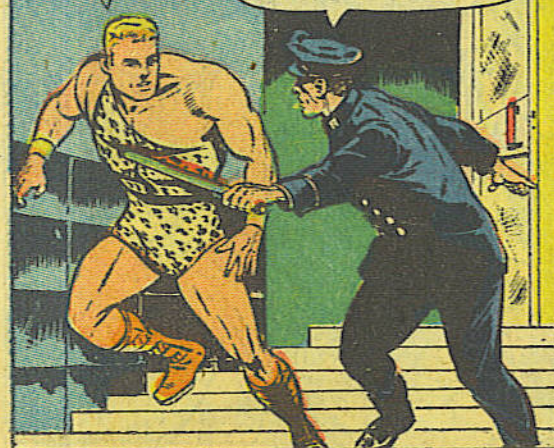


MAYBE WE'VE GOT NOTHING ON HIM— BUT HOLD HIM ANYWAY! AND PICK UP HIS FRIEND, THE RICH MAN! I'M GOING TO CHECK THE EXITS...

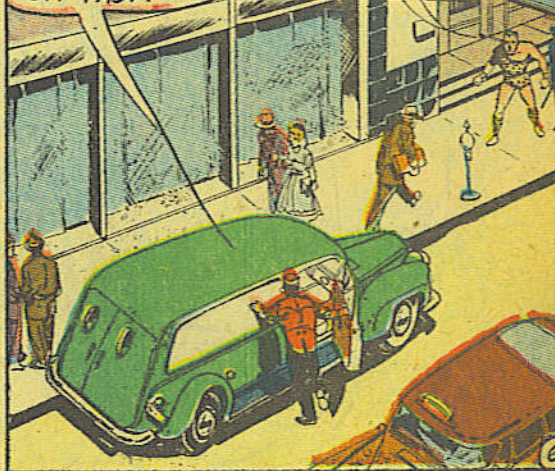
OKAY, SHERIFF— I MEAN INSPECTOR!



OFFICER— DID YOU SEE A BELL HOP COME OUT JUST NOW? YEAH, HE JUST WENT DOWN THE BLOCK... SAID HE HAD TO BUY SOME PUPPY-BISCUITS FOR A GUEST'S POODLE.

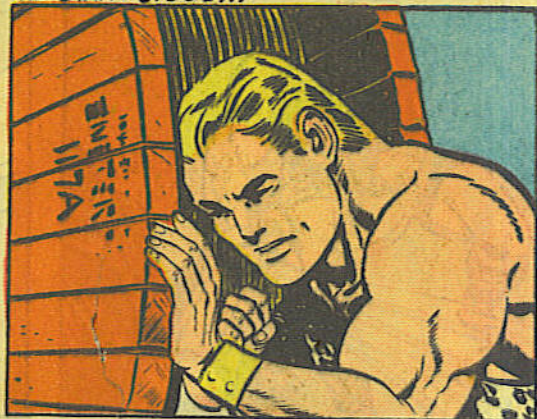


OH-OH! THAT STRONGMAN WASN'T FOOLED! TAKE OFF FAST! I'LL NEVER REACH THAT TRUCK IN TIME TO STOP HIM...!

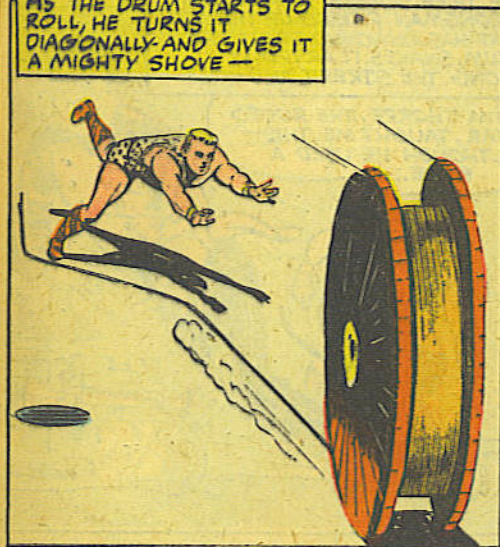




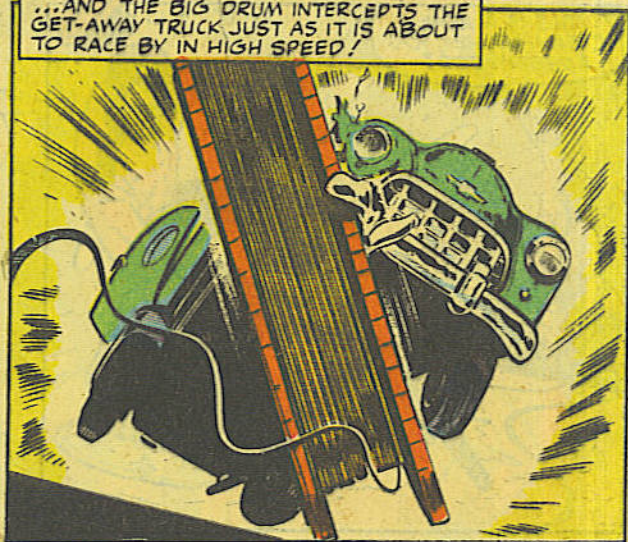
KICKING THE CHOCKS FROM UNDER A BIG DRUM OF WIRE LEFT OVERNIGHT BY POWER-COMPANY WORKERS, STRONGMAN BRINGS ALL HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH TO BEAR AGAINST THE GIANT SPOOL...



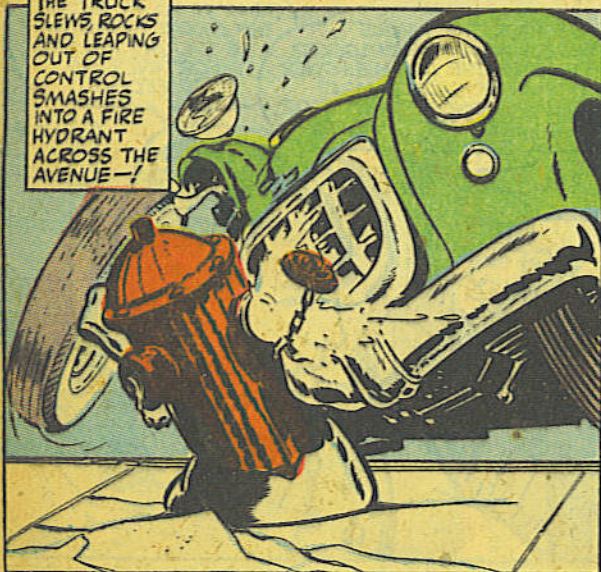
AS THE DRUM STARTS TO ROLL, HE TURNS IT DIAGONALLY AND GIVES IT A MIGHTY SHOVE—



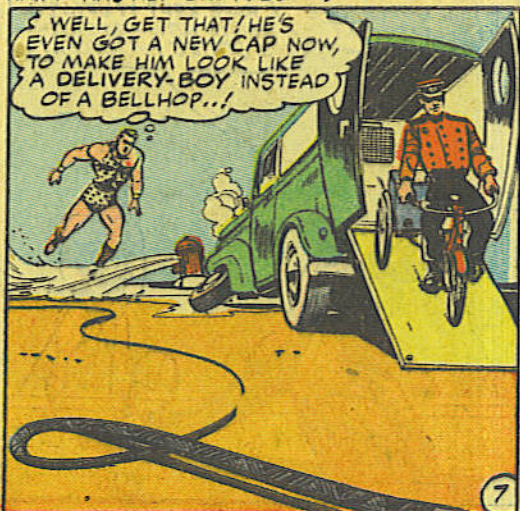
...AND THE BIG DRUM INTERCEPTS THE GET-AWAY TRUCK JUST AS IT IS ABOUT TO RACE BY IN HIGH SPEED!



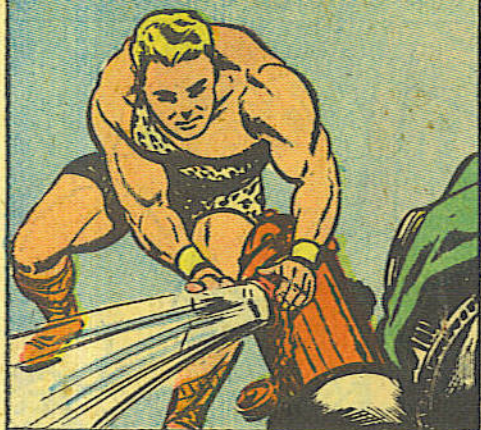
THE TRUCK SLEWS ROCKS AND LEAPING OUT OF CONTROL SMASHES INTO A FIRE HYDRANT ACROSS THE AVENUE—!



AN INSTANT LATER, THE DOORS AT THE REAR OF THE TRUCK OPEN, AND, DOWN A RAMP HASTILY DROPPED—!



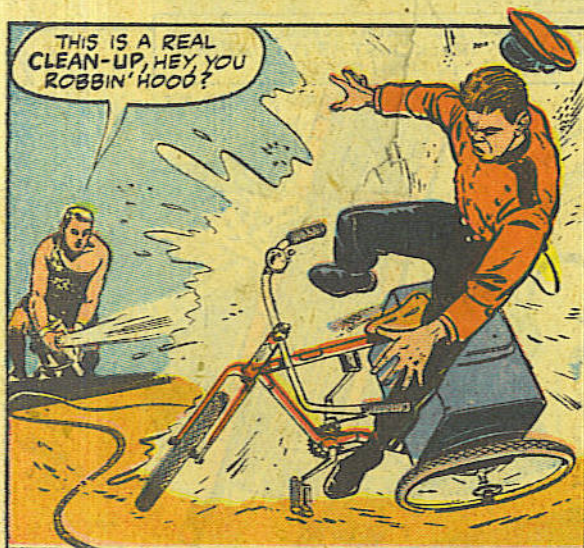
IN A FLASH, STRONGMAN IS AT THE
BROKEN HYDRANT, QUICKLY CURVING AND
CUPPING HIS STRONG HANDS AGAINST
THE GUSH OF ESCAPING WATER—



STRONGMAN'S HANDS FORM A
COMPRESSING "NOZZLE" TO
CONTROL AND GUIDE THE GUSH...
AND A POWERFUL STREAM
LANCES FORTH—

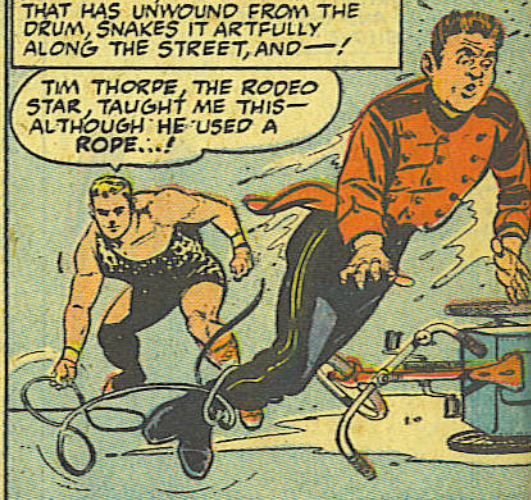


THIS IS A REAL
CLEAN-UP, HEY, YOU
ROBBIN' HOOD?



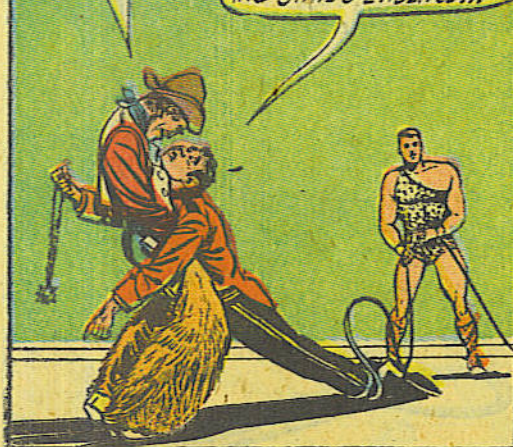
THE THIEF STARTS TO RUN... BUT
STRONGMAN, PICKING UP THE WIRE
THAT HAS UNWOUND FROM THE
DRUM, SNAKES IT ARTFULLY
ALONG THE STREET, AND—!

TIM THORPE, THE RODEO
STAR, TAUGHT ME THIS—
ALTHOUGH HE USED A
ROPE...!



WELL, WELL! IT'S
GEORGIE READE, I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
STILL DOING TIME
IN CALIFORNIA?

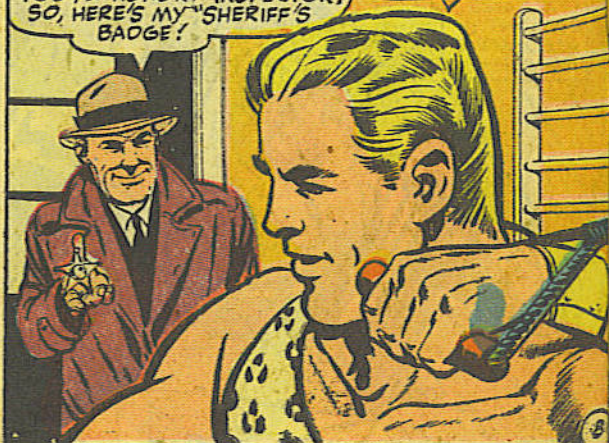
I GOT TIME OFF FOR
GOOD BEHAVIOUR—
GUESS I SHOULD
HAVE KEPT IT UP... I'LL
BEGIN NOW—BY TURN-
ING STATE'S EVIDENCE...!



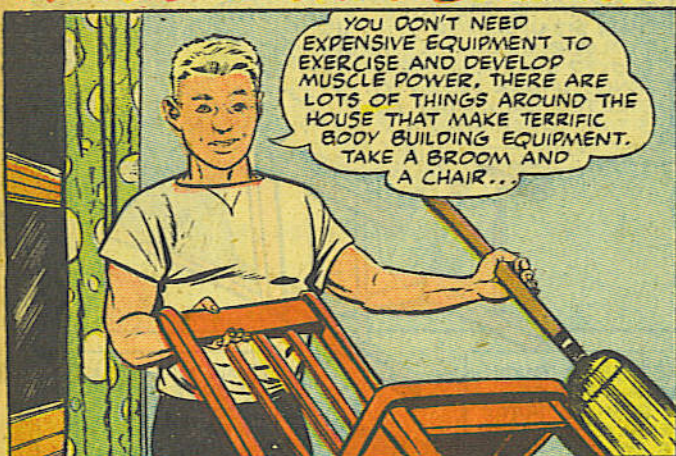
NEXT DAY...

WE HAVE THE WHOLE
"ROBIN HOOD" GANG LOCKED
UP—AND THE COMMISSIONER
THINKS WE SHOULD MAKE
YOU AN HONORARY INSPECTOR.
SO, HERE'S MY "SHERIFF'S
BADGE!"

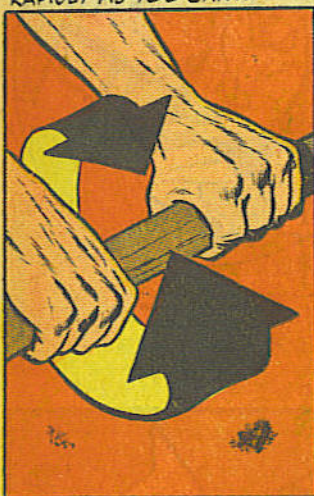
SEND IT TO MY UNCLE,
THE GREAT WANDAMI—
HE TAUGHT ME THE
IMPORTANCE OF
MISDIRECTION!



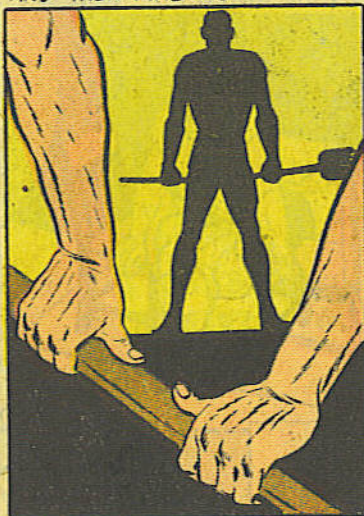
STRONGMAN'S HOME GYMNASIUM...



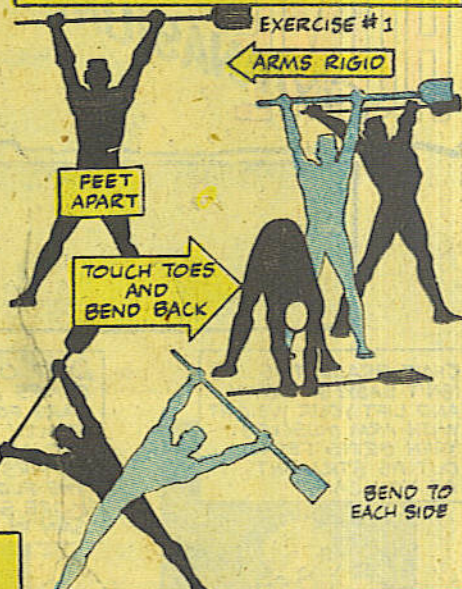
A TWISTER DRILL STRENGTHENS FORE ARM AND WRISTS... TWIST AS RAPIDLY AS YOU CAN...



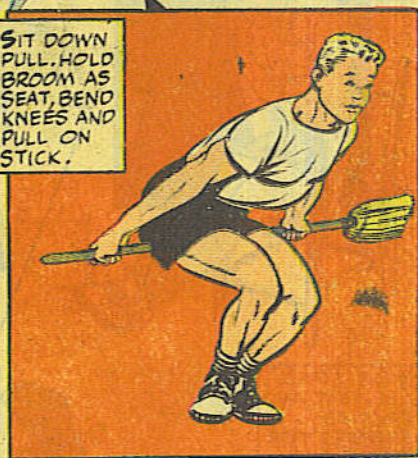
THE BENDER. TRY AND BEND BROOM STICK WITH THUMBS AND THEN FINGERS.



A BROOM BECOMES A LIMBERING UP BAR. CUT OFF THE BOTTOM AND WITH SOME THOUGHT YOU CAN DISCOVER MANY OTHER WAYS TO USE IT. TRY THESE...



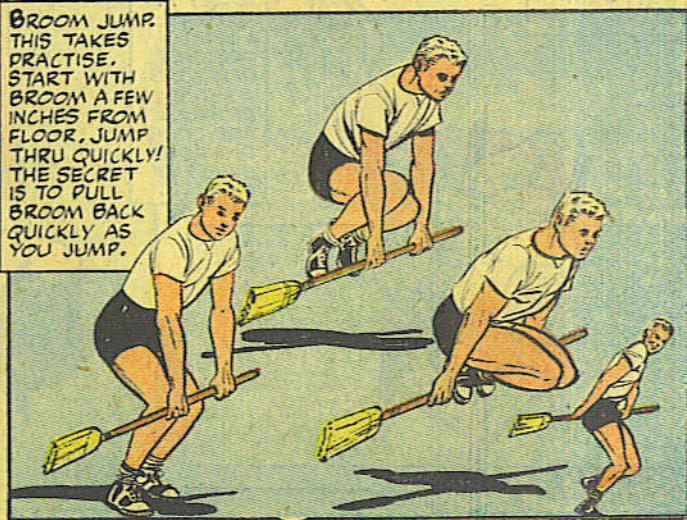
SIT DOWN PULL. HOLD BROOM AS SEAT, BEND KNEES AND PULL ON STICK.



LEG STRETCHER. PUT YOUR FEET AGAINST STICK, PUSH WITH YOUR LEGS AND PULL WITH ARMS—A REAL MUSCLE BUILDER.

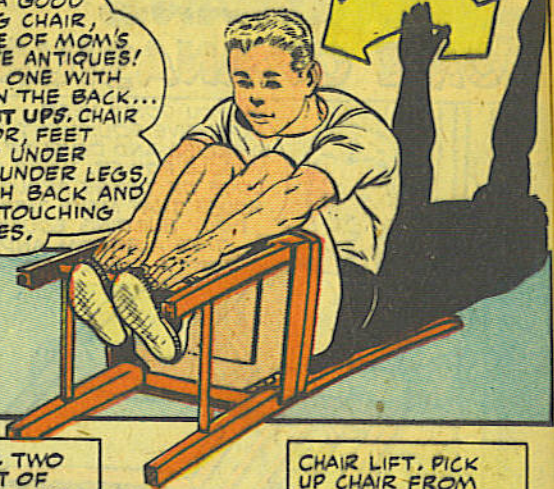


BROOM JUMP. THIS TAKES PRACTISE. START WITH BROOM A FEW INCHES FROM FLOOR. JUMP THRU QUICKLY! THE SECRET IS TO PULL BROOM BACK QUICKLY AS YOU JUMP.



STRONGMAN'S HOME GYMNASIUM

TAKE A GOOD STRONG CHAIR, NOT ONE OF MOM'S FAVORITE ANTIQUES! CHOOSE ONE WITH SLATS IN THE BACK... CHAIR SIT UPS. CHAIR ON FLOOR, FEET HOOKED UNDER RUNGS, UNDER LEGS, STRETCH BACK AND SIT UP TOUCHING TOES.



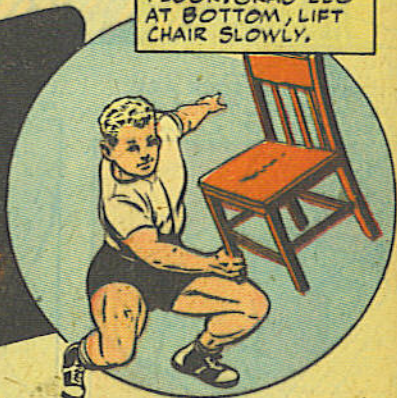
CHAIR BRACE. THIS ISN'T EASY! SIT DOWN AND LIFT YOUR WEIGHT WITH ARM MUSCLES. THEN BRING FEET OUT AS STRAIGHT AS YOU CAN.



DEEP CHEST BEND. TWO CHAIRS MAKE A SET OF BARS FOR PUSH UP THAT REALLY DEVELOP CHEST AND ARMS. DO ONLY A FEW AT FIRST, THE CLOSER TO THE FLOOR YOU BEND THE MORE STRENGTH YOU WILL GAIN IN YOUR ARMS.



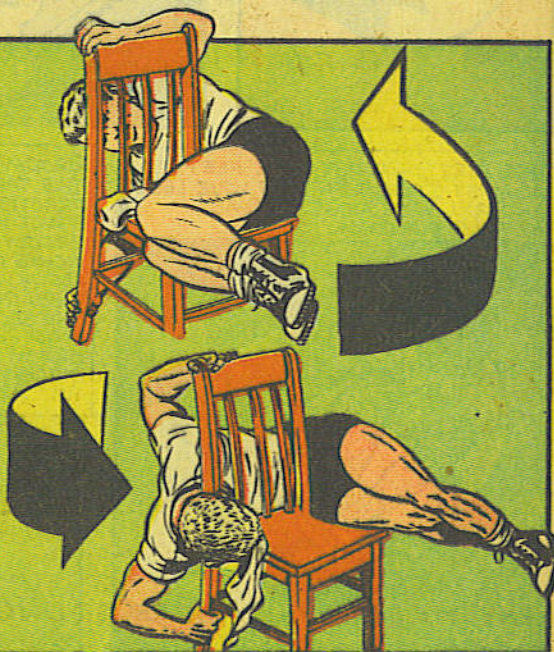
CHAIR LIFT. PICK UP CHAIR FROM FLOOR. GRAB LEG AT BOTTOM, LIFT CHAIR SLOWLY.

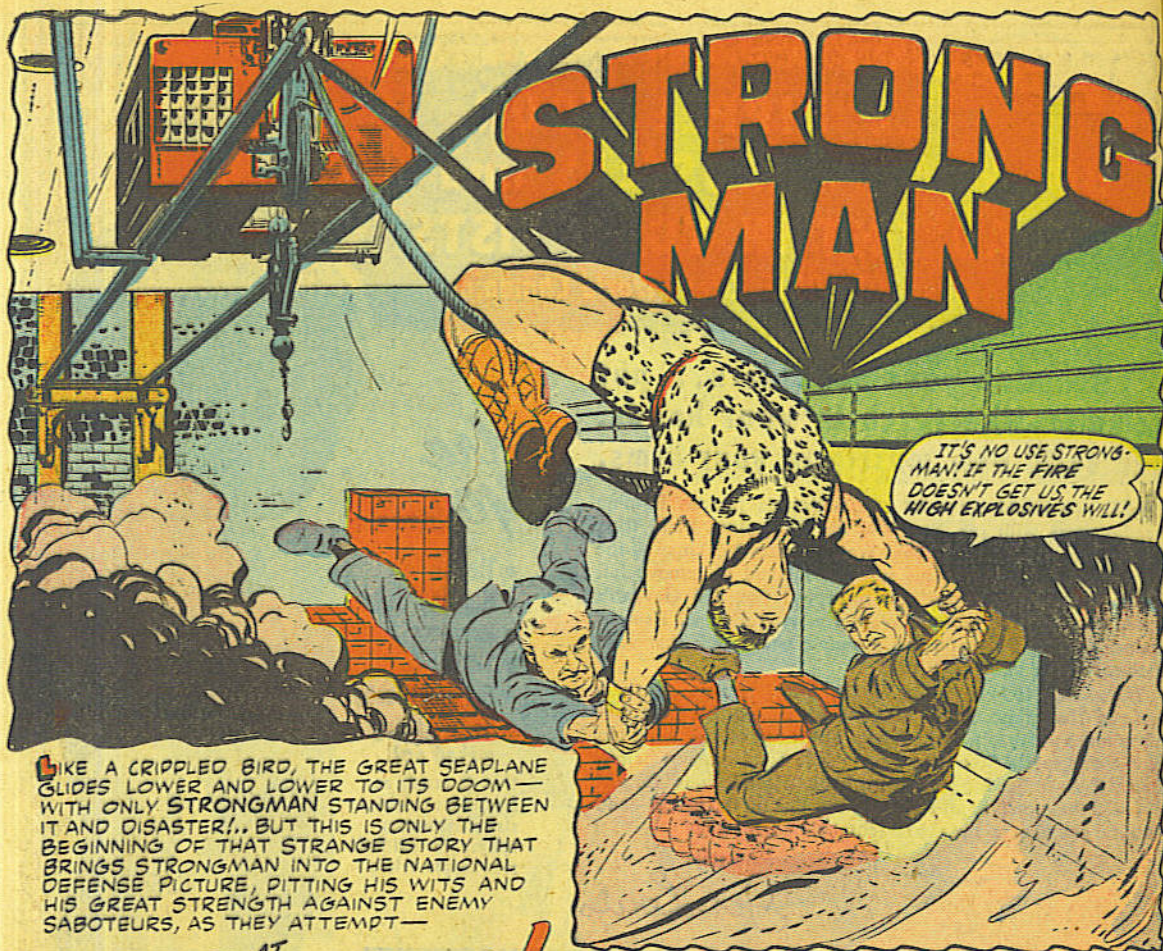


CHAIR STAND. USE SEAT AND BACK AS SUPPORT FOR TRADITIONAL BENT ARM STAND.



THE FOLDED NAPKIN TRICK. TRY ON YOUR FRIENDS! A LITTLE PRACTICE DEVELOPS A SENSE OF BALANCE AND COORDINATION OF EVERY MUSCLE.





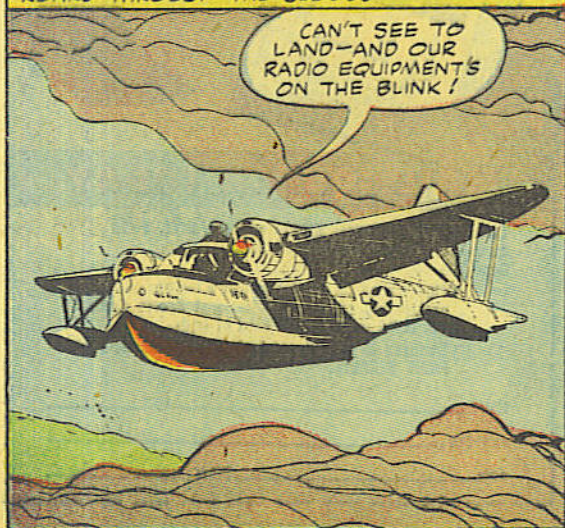
LIKE A CRIPPLED BIRD, THE GREAT SEAPLANE GLIDES LOWER AND LOWER TO ITS DOOM— WITH ONLY STRONGMAN STANDING BETWEEN IT AND DISASTER!... BUT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THAT STRANGE STORY THAT BRINGS STRONGMAN INTO THE NATIONAL DEFENSE PICTURE, PITCHING HIS WITS AND HIS GREAT STRENGTH AGAINST ENEMY SABOTEURS, AS THEY ATTEMPT—

Arson ^{AT THE} Arsenal

Powell

OUT OF THE THICK GREY FOG THAT ROLLS ABOVE THE CITY YACHT BASIN, A SEAPLANE ROARS THROUGH THE CLOUDS—

CAN'T SEE TO LAND—AND OUR RADIO EQUIPMENT'S ON THE BLINK!



AS IT NOSES THROUGH THE OVERHANG, LOWER AND LOWER—

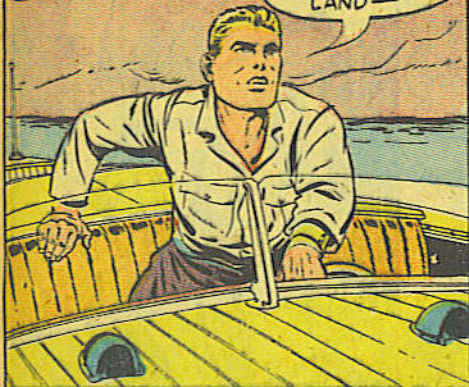
A PONTON'S GONE!

WE CAN'T SET DOWN NOW— WITHOUT A CRACKUP!



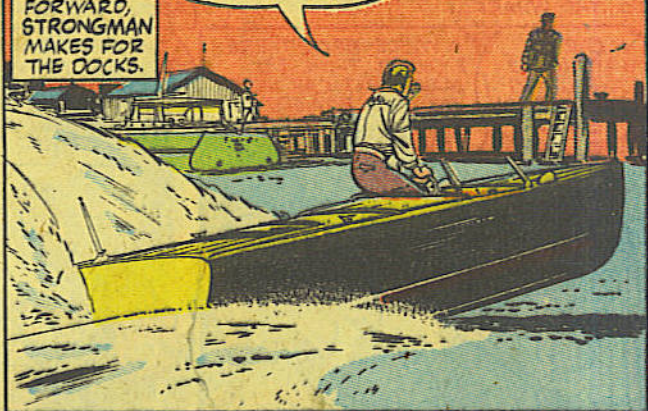
ON THE WATERS OF
THE YACHT BASIN,
FAR BELOW—

THAT PLANE IS
THE ONE WITH
THE MUNITIONS
EXPERT ON IT!
AND IT CAN'T
LAND—



GUNNING
HIS SPEED-
BOAT
FORWARD,
STRONGMAN
MAKES FOR
THE DOCKS.

COLONEL HOUSE-
HOP INTO MY BOAT!
I'VE JUST COME UP
WITH AN IDEA!

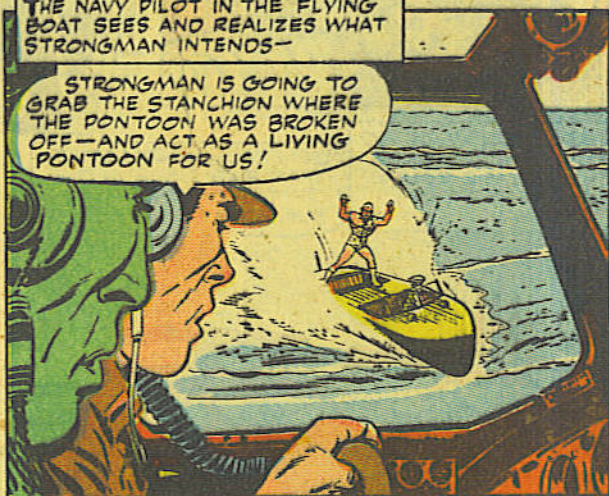


IF YOU'LL DRIVE MY
SPEEDBOAT, I'LL DO WHAT
I CAN TO GET THAT
SEAPLANE DOWN ONTO
THE WATER SAFELY!

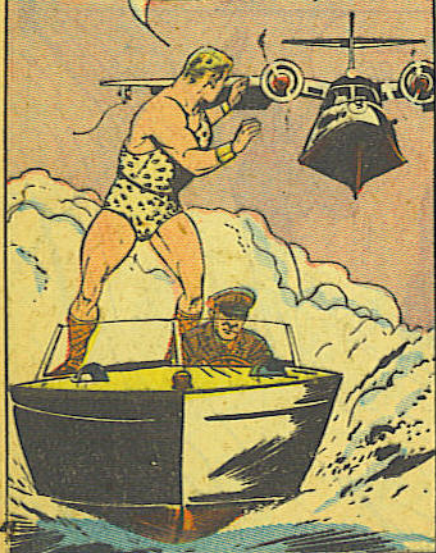


THE NAVY PILOT IN THE FLYING
BOAT SEES AND REALIZES WHAT
STRONGMAN INTENDS—

STRONGMAN IS GOING TO
GRAB THE STANCHION WHERE
THE PONTOON WAS BROKEN
OFF—AND ACT AS A LIVING
PONTOON FOR US!



IT'S COMING DOWN,
COLONEL! GET READY TO
GIVE HER THE GUN!



STRONGMAN LIFTS
HIS POWERFUL HANDS.
HE FUMBLES—MISSES!—
AND THEN HIS FINGERS
CATCH HOLD!



MADE IT! KEEP GOING, COLONEL—
AND MAINTAIN SPEED TO MATCH THAT
OF THE SEAPLANE AS SHE SLOWS
DOWN!



A NAVAL REPAIR CREW TAKES THE FLYING BOAT IN CHARGE, AS COLONEL HOUSE DRIVES STRONGMAN AND MUNITIONS EXPERT, ROBERT PURLEY TO THE WHARF...

AFTER COLONEL HOUSE AND THE MUNITIONS EXPERT LEAVE, STRONGMAN BUSIES HIMSELF ABOUT HIS BOAT—

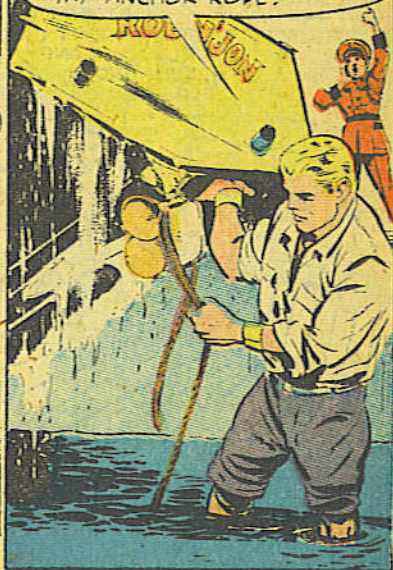
COMING, GENERAL! JUST AS SOON AS I UNTANGLE MY ANCHOR ROPE!



A CAR IS WAITING TO TAKE US TO THE ARSENAL, SIR...

A WHILE BACK THERE I DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE THAT CAR UNDER MY OWN POWER! THANKS TO STRONGMAN, I WILL.

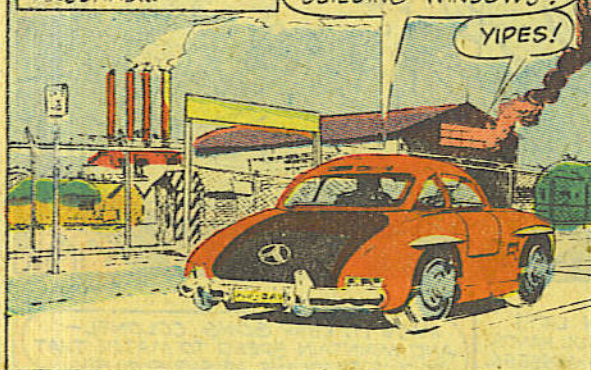
THE GENERAL'S DUE TO MEET ME IN AN HOUR. THAT'S ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO HOOK UP THIS SPECIAL MOTOR I HAD MADE..



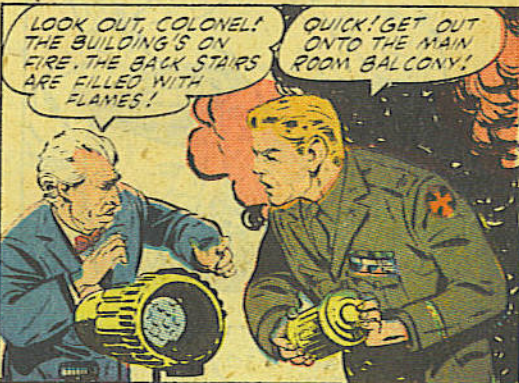
AS STRONGMAN AND THE GENERAL DRIVE HOME, THEIR ROUTE GOES PAST THE ARSENAL...

GENERAL—LOOK! ISN'T THAT FIRE I SEE IN ONE OF THOSE ARSENAL BUILDING WINDOWS?

YIPES!

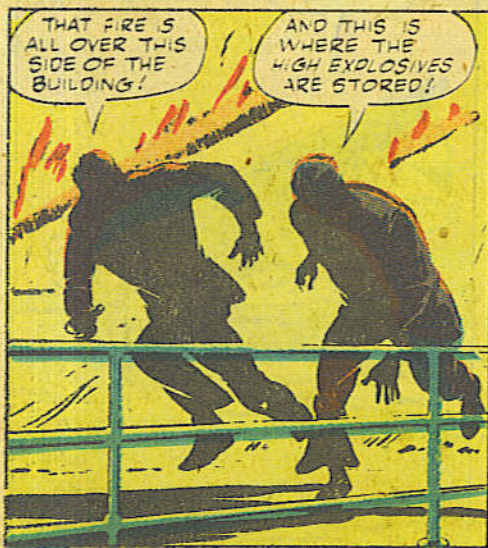


INSIDE THE BUILDING, TAKEN UNAWARE BY THEIR CONCENTRATION IN THEIR WORK, ARE COLONEL HOUSE AND ROBERT PURLEY—



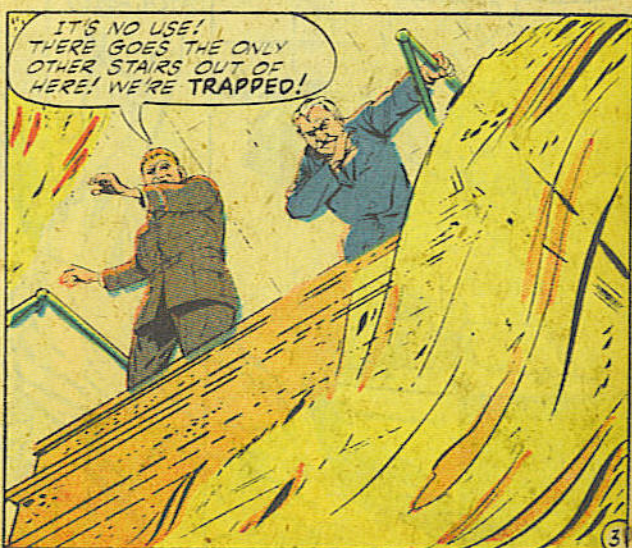
LOOK OUT, COLONEL! THE BUILDING'S ON FIRE. THE BACK STAIRS ARE FILLED WITH FLAMES!

QUICK! GET OUT ONTO THE MAIN ROOM BALCONY!

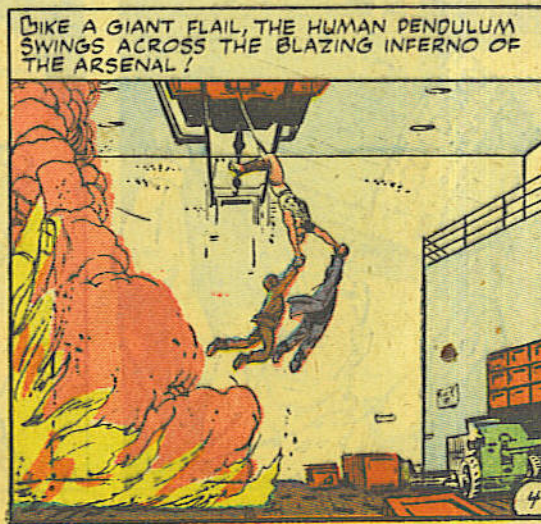
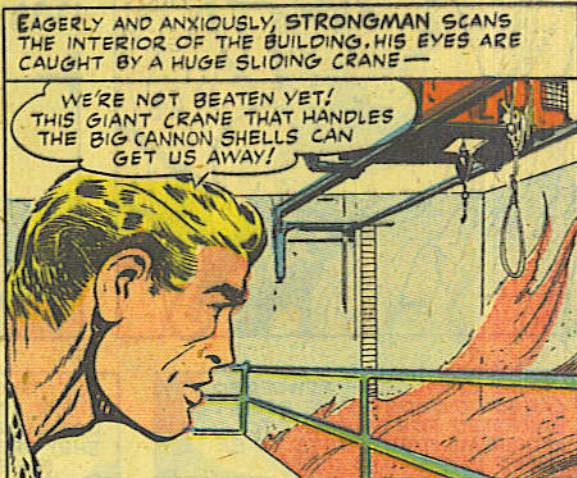
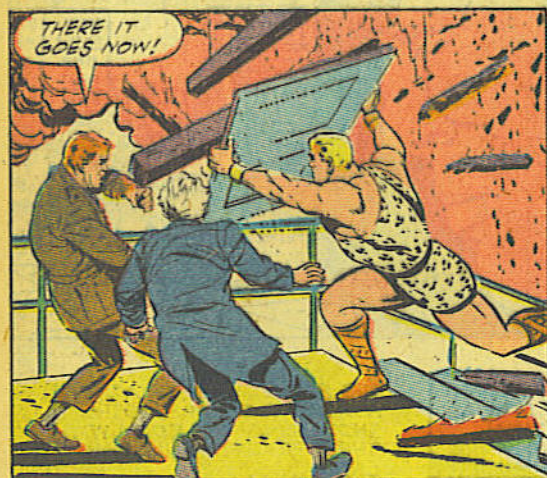
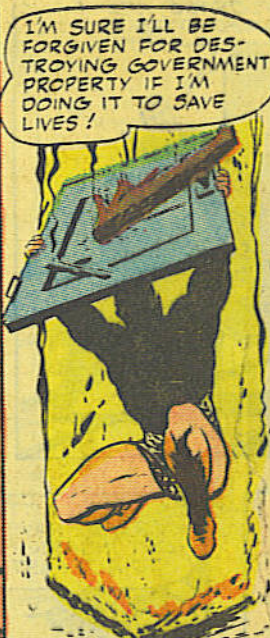


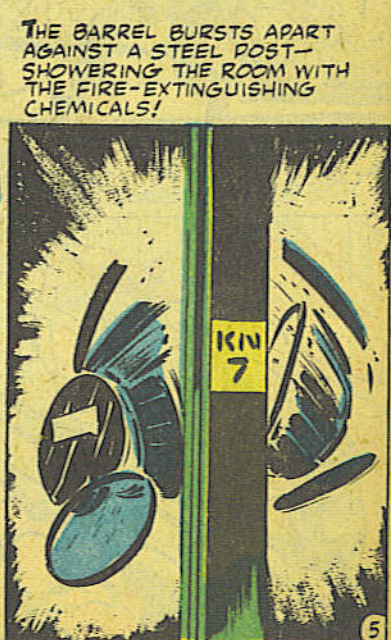
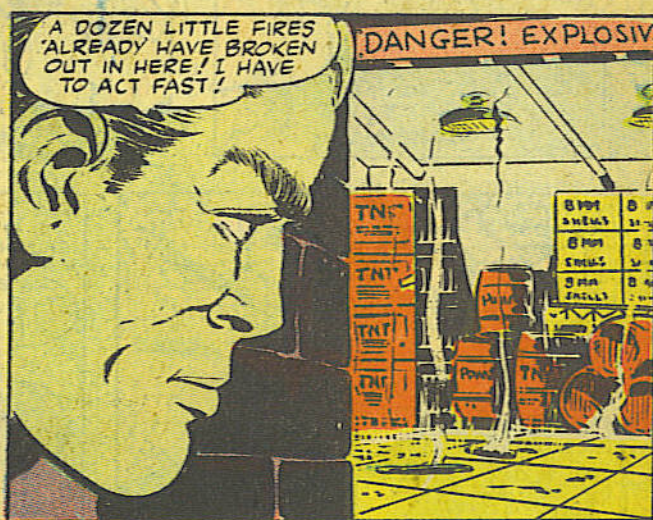
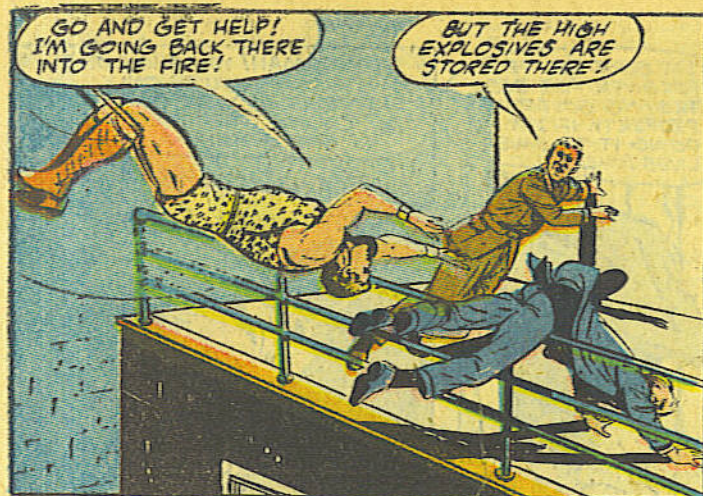
THAT FIRE IS ALL OVER THIS SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

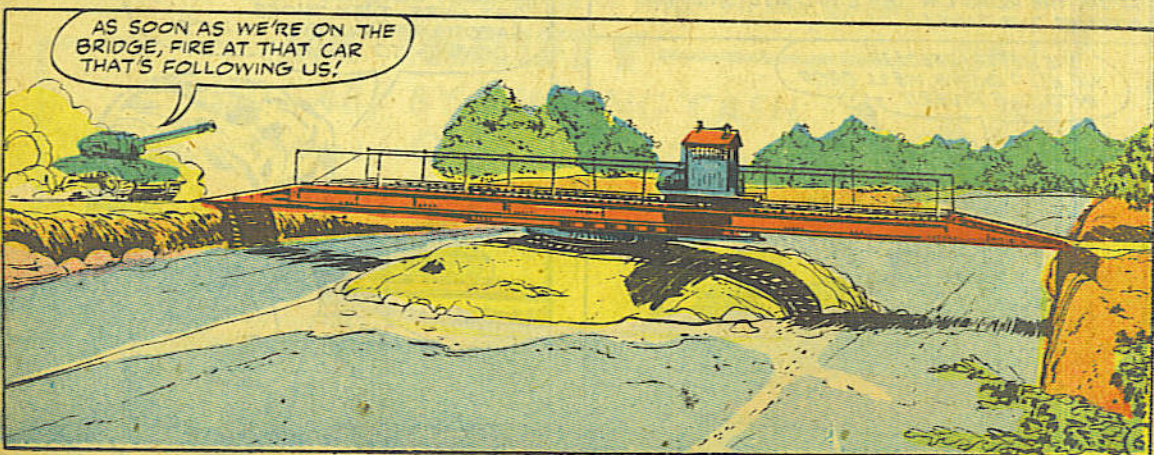
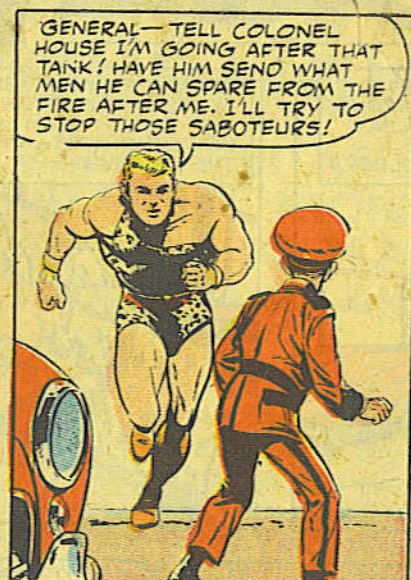
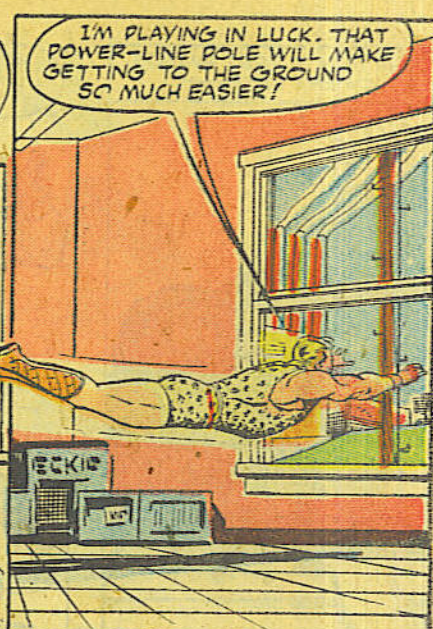
AND THIS IS WHERE THE HIGH EXPLOSIVES ARE STORED!



IT'S NO USE! THERE GOES THE ONLY OTHER STAIRS OUT OF HERE! WE'RE TRAPPED!







THE GUN TURRET SWINGS.
A MOMENT LATER—

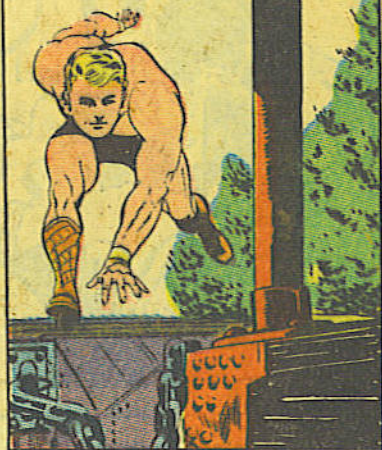
FIRE!



HAVE TO
JUMP FOR
IT!

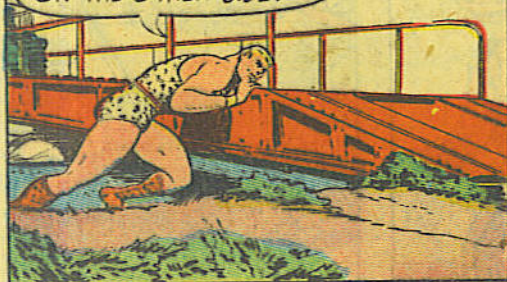


IF I CAN UNHOOK
THE CHAIN THAT HOLDS
THE BRIDGE, MAYBE I
CAN MOVE IT JUST
ENOUGH—

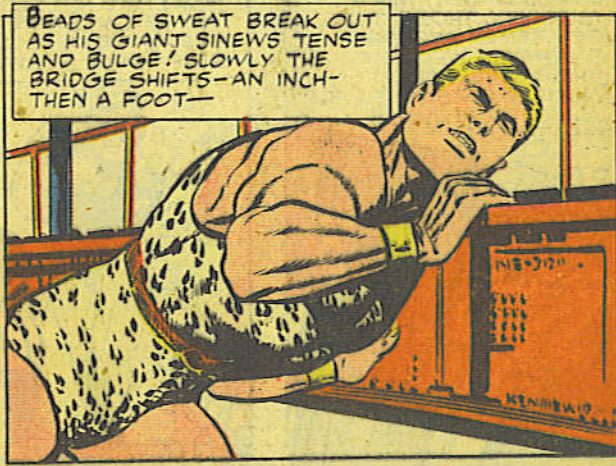


IT IS THE WORK OF AN INSTANT TO FLIP
THE CHAIN-HOOK LOOSE. THEN STRONG-
MAN PUTS HIS HANDS ON THE RAILING
OF THE BRIDGE. HIS BACK BOWS,
RIPPLING WITH POWERFUL MUSCLES!!

IT WON'T BUDGE!
AND THE TANK IS ALMOST
ON THE OTHER SIDE!

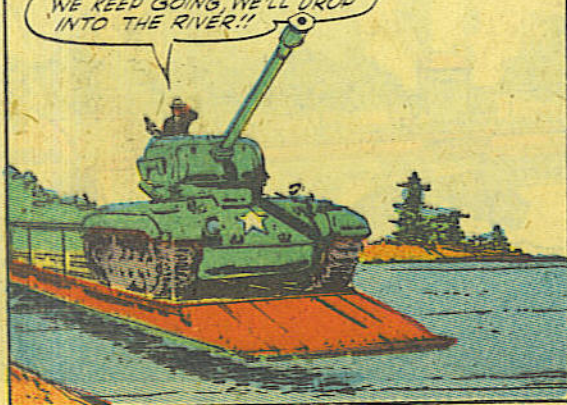


BEADS OF SWEAT BREAK OUT
AS HIS GIANT SINEWS TENSE
AND BULGE! SLOWLY THE
BRIDGE SHIFTS—AN INCH—
THEN A FOOT—



AND THE BRIDGE SWINGS FAR ENOUGH AWAY
FROM THE ROAD ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE TO
STRAND THE TANK!

WE'RE TRAPPED! IF
WE KEEP GOING, WE'LL DROP
INTO THE RIVER!!



THAT'LL KEEP THEM
MAROONED UNTIL THE SOLDIERS
GET HERE. THEN THOSE
SABOTEURS WILL GET WHAT'S
COMING TO THEM!



BEAR FACTS!

BY FRED GUARDINEER

WOW! THAT WAS A GOOD SHOT OF A FLYING SQUIRREL! BUT I'VE GOT TO SNAP SOME MORE ANIMAL PICTURES FOR THE WILD LIFE PHOTO CONTEST!

CLICK!

LOOK AT THAT!... A BABY BEAR! HE LOOKS REAL TAME! I'LL GIVE HIM A SANDWICH!

HMMM — THAT'S BOBBY BROWN—AND HE'S FEEDING ONE OF OLD BLACKIE'S CUBS... I'LL HAVE TO GET OVER THERE FAST BEFORE BOBBY GETS INTO TROUBLE!

OH-OH! HERE COMES MAMA! I THINK I'LL SCOOT UP A TREE AND GET SOME PICTURES OF THIS!

IF THAT MOTHER BEAR FINDS HER CUB WITH BOBBY...

WARDEN WOODS! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WHAT A PICTURE!

YOU REALLY HAVE A RINGSIDE SEAT TO TAKE PICTURES FROM! IT'S OKAY TO COME DOWN NOW!

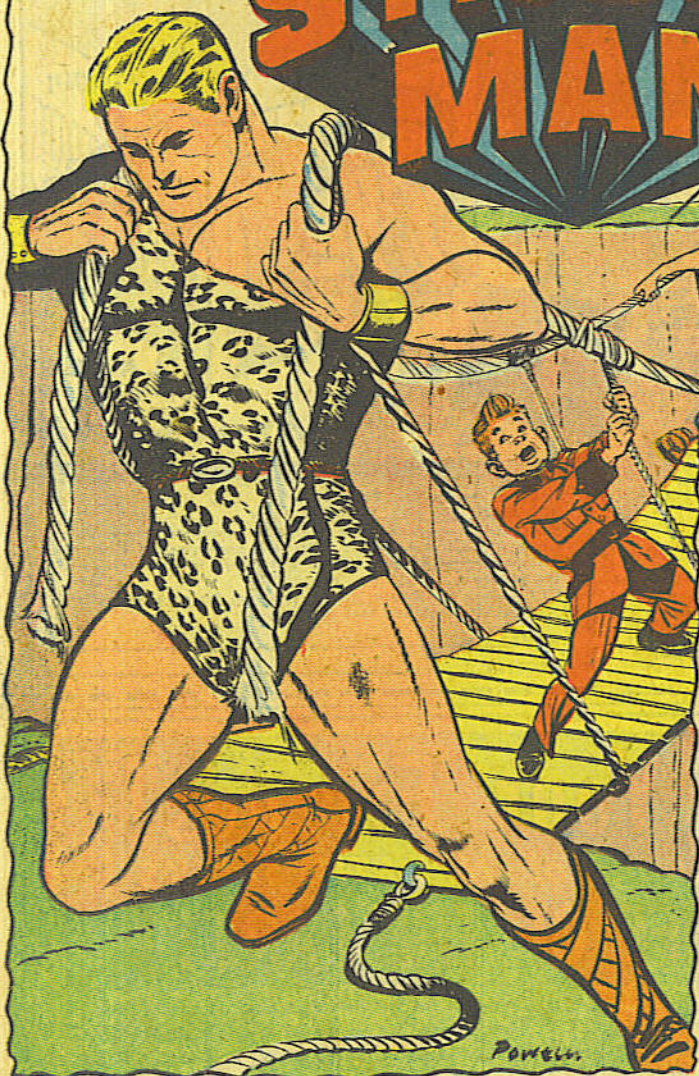
CLICK!

IT'S MY JOB, YOU KNOW, TO KEEP TRACK OF THE ANIMALS IN MY DISTRICT... ESPECIALLY BLACKIE AND HER CUBS... SO I SAW YOU FEEDING THE LITTLE BEAR. EVEN THOUGH YOU MEANT WELL, YOU MUSTN'T DISTURB BABY ANIMALS!

ALTHOUGH THE BLACK BEAR IS REALLY A TIMID AND INOFFENSIVE CREATURE SHE'LL BECOME ENRAGED IF SHE THINKS HER CUBS ARE IN DANGER... AND SHE'S ALWAYS NEARBY! NEVER NEVER GO NEAR A BEAR CUB. IF YOU SHOULD FIND ONE — LEAVE IT ALONE AND REPORT IT TO ME!

**THE
END**

STRONG MAN

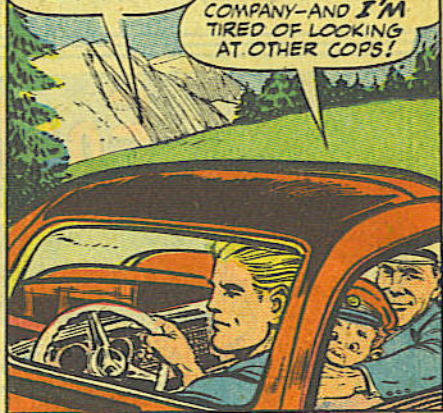


INSPECTOR GRIMM HAD A WEEK-END OFF, A WEALTHY FRIEND WHO OWNED A COMFORTABLE HUNTING-LODGE, AND TWO OTHER FRIENDS WHO LIKED TO FISH... WHICH IS WHY THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN

PERIL AT DEVIL'S KITCHEN!

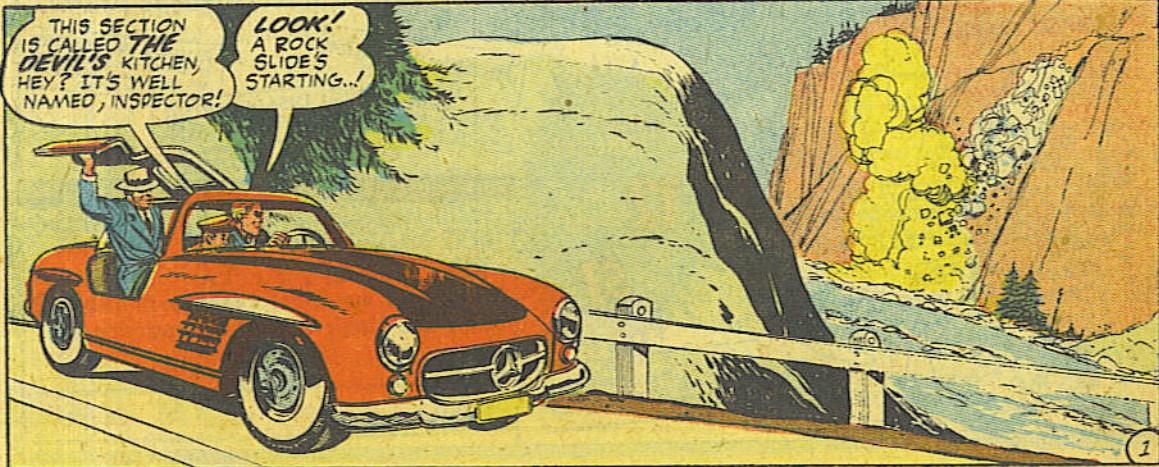
NICE OF YOU TO INVITE **THE GENERAL** AND ME ON THIS FISHING TRIP, INSPECTOR GRIMM. I NEED A CHANGE FROM BAR-BELLS AND PULLEY WEIGHTS.

WELL, WHEN MY WEALTHY FRIEND, MORTON, LENT ME HIS HUNTING LODGE FOR THE WEEK-END, I FIGURED I COULD USE COMPANY-AND I'M TIRED OF LOOKING AT OTHER COPS!



THIS SECTION IS CALLED **THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN**, HEY? IT'S WELL NAMED, INSPECTOR!

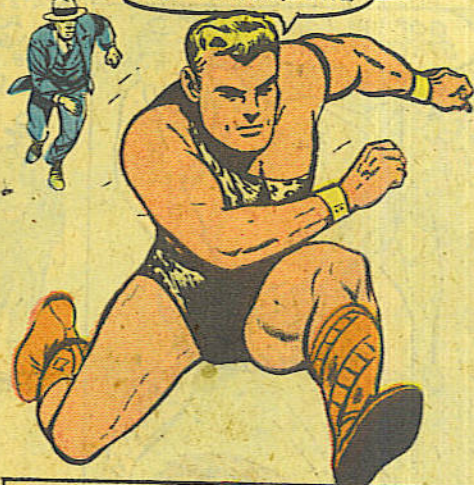
LOOK! A ROCK SLIDE'S STARTING...!



STRONGMAN'S WORDS ARE LOST AS A WOMAN'S SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH THE DESOLATE GORGE OF A DRIED CREEK BED... AND THE CRY IS LOST IN TURN AS AN OMINOUS RUMBLE AND ROAR IS HEARD—!

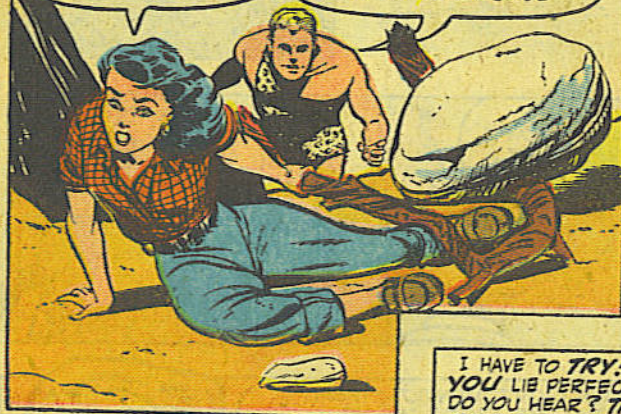


SHE'S FALLEN!... AND HER FOOT'S CAUGHT UNDER THAT DEAD TREE BRANCH— AND THE BRANCH IS HELD TIGHT BY THE ROCK SLIDE! WOW!... RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER— RATTLESNAKES...



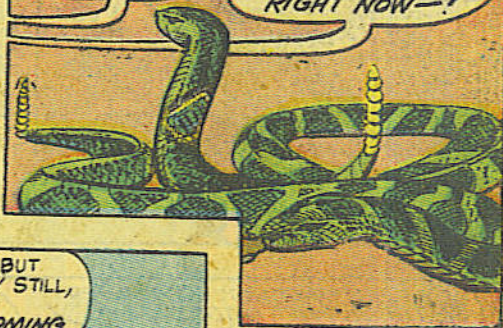
OH!!! GO AWAY, YOU HORRID THINGS— GO AWAY...!

LIE STILL, GIRL! THE RATTLES WERE STURRED UP BY THE ROCK SLIDE—



—THEY WON'T HURT YOU UNLESS YOU FRIGHTEN THEM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY! ONE OF THEM IS COMING AFTER ME RIGHT NOW—!

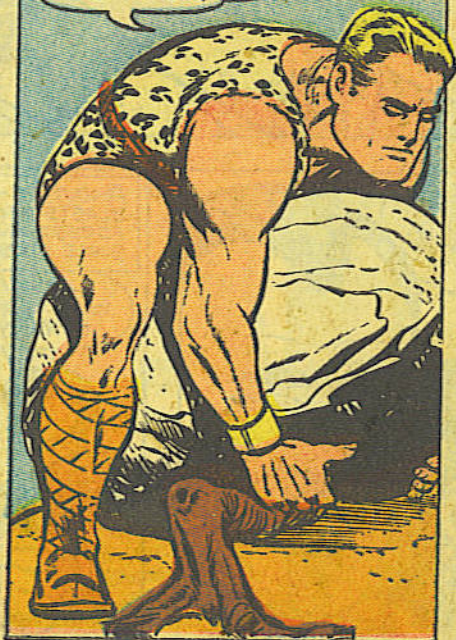


SHE'S PANICKY— ALARMING THE SNAKES... I'D BETTER GET HER OUT OF HERE FAST—IF I CAN...!

YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF TRYING TO LIFT THAT ROCK!!! IT MUST WEIGH ABOUT 500 POUNDS!



I HAVE TO TRY!... BUT YOU LIE PERFECTLY STILL, DO YOU HEAR? THE RATTLES ARE COMING CLOSER!... NOW, TO LIFT THIS THING...



CAN'T GET A CLEAN SHOT AT THOSE SNAKES— STRONGMAN'S IN THE LINE OF FIRE...



THEN HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES RIPPLING, AND STRAINING, **STRONGMAN** HOISTS THE GREAT DEAD WEIGHT... AND AS HE TURNS ASIDE, GRIMM'S REVOLVER FIRES TWICE—!

GOT 'EM BOTH, **STRONGMAN**!

CRACK
CRACK

I MUST FEEL LIKE A **FEATHER** AFTER THAT **ROCK** YOU LIFTED!... BUT I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE...

ARE YOU UP HERE ALL ALONE IN THIS WILD NECK OF THE WOODS?

ER...NO—MY **HUSBANDS** WITH ME...ER...THERE'S OUR PLACE NOW...

WHAT IS THIS? THAT'S **MORTON'S** HUNTING LODGE—AND I DON'T KNOW THIS WOMAN AT ALL!

GEORGE! I'M BACK! WITH FRIENDS...!

I DON'T KNOW HER, **STRONGMAN**, AND I DON'T RECOGNIZE **GEORGE** EITHER... BUT THIS HAPPENS TO BE MY FRIEND **MORTON'S** HUNTING LODGE...

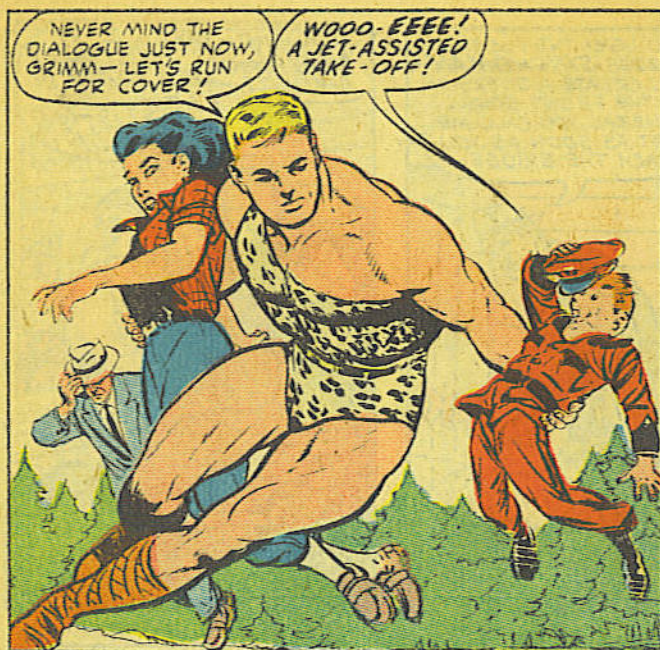
THIS IS MY HUSBAND: **GEORGE—ER—SMITH**!... I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAMES, GENTLEMEN...

WE DIDN'T MENTION THEM, MA'AM... MR. **SMITH**, ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH **HENRY MORTON**?

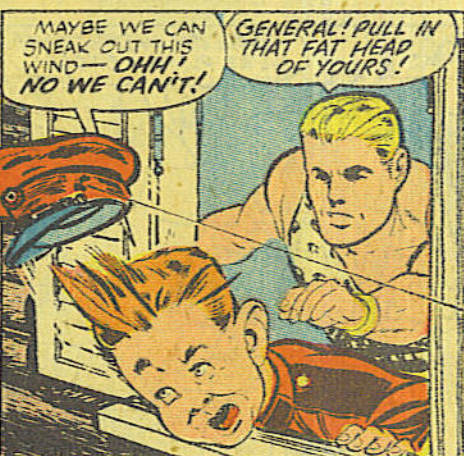
NO, CAN'T SAY THAT I DO THAT NAME... BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE ME NOW—MY WIFE AND I ARE EXPECTING COMPANY...

AND THEN—AN AUTOMATIC BLASTS FROM THE SURROUNDING FOREST, AND A STEEL BULLET SINGS CLOSE BY—

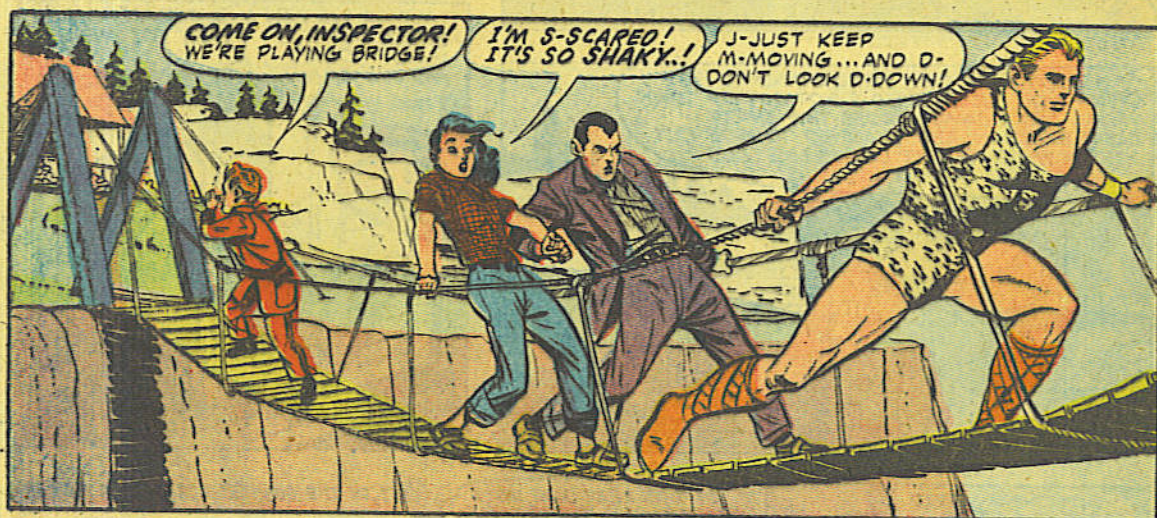
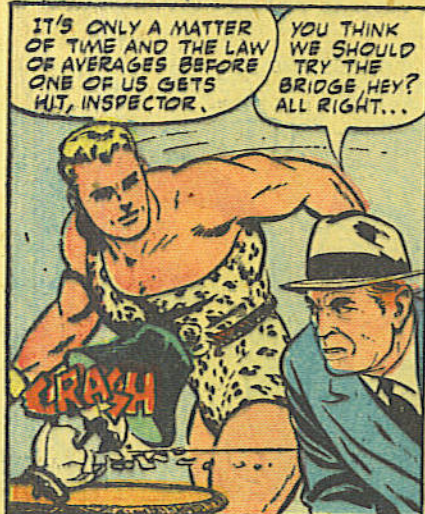
UH-HUH! LOOKS LIKE YOUR "**COMPANY**" IS **HERE**, MISTER...



ONCE INSIDE THE LODGE, GRIMM SHOWS HIS SHIELD—



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, A STEADY RAIN OF GUNFIRE BEGINS TO PEPPER THE HUNTING LODGE, AND SO—



BUT AS THE AXE FALLS, **STRONG-MAN**, HAVING SEEN THE DANGER, SPRINGS FORWARD WITH THE SPEED OF DESPERATION—!

HE'S CUT IT! AND THE SUPPORTS ARE RIPPING LOOSE...!

THE LAST ROPE BRACE PARTS—THE WEIGHT ON THE BRIDGE PUTS TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN ON THE REMAINING SUPPORTS—AND THE BRIDGE GOES...!

OH—NO...!

AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, **STRONGMAN** SHOOTS HIS ARMS OUT, HOOKS THEM THROUGH THE BRIDGE ROPES AND SHRUGS INTO THE IMPROPTU HARNESS THE WAY A MAN SLIPS INTO SUSPENDERS...!

FOR A BREATHLESS MOMENT THE TREMENDOUS **LIVE** WEIGHT PULLS HIM TO A TEETERING, PRECARIOUS UNBALANCE—

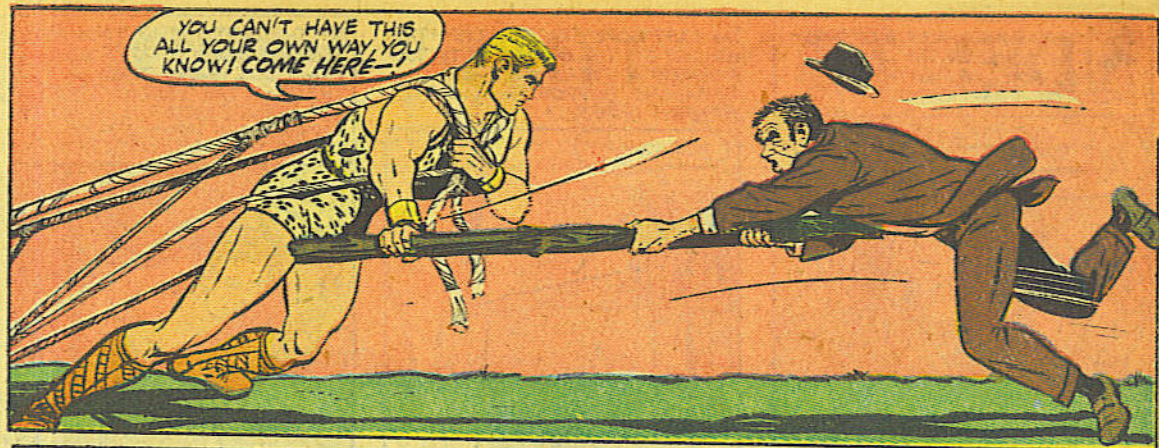
IT'S NOT THEIR TOTAL **WEIGHT**... IT'S THE **LEVERAGE** THAT'S AGAINST ME...!

THEN HE STEADIES, LEANS INTO THE TAUT ROPES, SETS HIS JAW, AND BRACES HIMSELF...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO? MOVE! MOVE! CROSS OVER!

I NEVER SAW SUCH STRENGTH!—BUT NOW YOU GOT TO GO, MUSCLE BOY...!

MAYBE I WON'T...



CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, STRONGMAN'S OPPONENT LOSES HIS BALANCE — AND IS GRABBED...!

THE THREE ON THE BRIDGE FINALLY CROSS TO SAFETY...

WITH INSPECTOR GRIMM ACROSS, STRONGMAN AT LAST ENDS HIS ORDEAL, LETTING THE BRIDGE FALL EFFECTIVELY CUTTING OFF PURSUIT.



MUCH LATER, AFTER THE LOCAL JAIL HAS BEEN SUPPLIED WITH UNEXPECTED CUSTOMERS...



The End

IDENTIFY THESE BIRDS

FOR THE CORRECT ANSWERS TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN.

1 DIVING FOR HIS LUNCH, THIS BIRD, *FALCO PEREGRINUS* OFTEN REACHES THE AMAZING SPEED OF 180 MILES PER HOUR.

2 THIS ONE, *PHILOHELA MINOR*, LIVES IN THE SWAMPS AND WHEN DANGER THREATENS SHE CARRIES HER CHICKS AWAY IN HER FEET.

3 "CAW CAW!" SAYS THE CARRION *CORVUS BRACHYRHYNCHOS*. VERY UNPOPULAR WITH FARMERS BUT ONE OF THE SMARTEST OF ALL BIRDS.

4 ALTHOUGH SMALLER THAN A ROBIN, *TYRANNUS TYRANNUS* IS THE "FLYING TIGER" OF THE BIRD WORLD AS HE BRAVELY ATTACKS HAWKS, CROWS, AND EVEN EAGLES.

5 SHE IS *APTERYX*, A NEW ZEALANDER WITH NO WINGS WHO COMES OUT ONLY AT NIGHT AND LAYS THE LARGEST EGGS FOR HER SIZE OF ANY BIRD.

7 HIS MATE, *MOLOTHRUS ATER* LAYS HER EGGS IN OTHER BIRDS' NESTS AND LETS THE NEIGHBORS TAKE CARE OF HER CHILDREN.

6 OF THE FAMILY *FRINGILLIDAE* HE IS THE EMBLEM OF A FAMOUS BASEBALL TEAM.

8 THE LARGEST LIVING BIRD, *STRUTHIO*, IS OFTEN FALSELY REPUTED TO HIDE HIS HEAD IN THE SAND.

1-DUCKHAWK 2-WOODCOCK 3-CROW 4-KINGBIRD 5-KIWI 6-CARDINAL 7-COW BIRD 8-OSTRICH